

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaime my brother Mortimer,  
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,  
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.  
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne  
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
And for his sake, wore the detested blot  
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,  
That you a world of curses vndergoe,  
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,  
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?

O pardon; if that I descend so low,  
To shew the Line, and the Predicament  
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King,  
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,  
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your Nobility and Power,  
Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe  
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)

To put downe Richard, that sweet lovely Rose,  
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?  
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues  
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.  
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,  
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say—

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a Secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,  
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,  
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud  
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:  
Send danger from the East vnto the West,  
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres  
To rowe a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,  
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,  
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:  
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare  
Without Co-rially, all her Dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend:  
Good Cousin giue me audience for a while,  
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same Noble Scottes  
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.

By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:  
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no eare vnto my purposes.

Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer:

Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.

But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,

And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.

Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake

Nothing but Mortimer; and giue it him,

To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly desie,

Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,

And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.

But that I thinke his Father loues him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient foole

Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,

Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,

Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare

Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?

A plague vpon't, it is in Gloucestershire:

'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,

His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee

Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:

When you and he came backe from Ravenspurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,

This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,

Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,

And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:

O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgive me,

Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,

Wee'l stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.

Deliver them vp without their ranome straight,

And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane

For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd

Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl'y'd,

Shall secretly into the bosome creepe

Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,

The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

Wor. True, who beares hard

His Brothers death at Brissow, the Lord Scroope.

I speake not this in estimation,

As what I thinke might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,

And onely staves but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:

Vpon my life, it will do wondrous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke

To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha—

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. Insaith it is exceedingly well aynd?

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speedy?

To saue our heads, by raising of a Head?

For, beare our selues as euen as we can,

The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,

And thinke, we thinke our selues vn-satisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.

And see already, how he doth beginne

To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue,

Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,

Then I by Letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be sodainly.

Ile reade to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer.

Where you, and Douglas, and our powres at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now well told at much vn-certainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrise, I trust.

Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,

Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be

hang'd. Charley waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet

our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cots Saddle, put a few

Flockes in the point: the poore lade is wrung in the wi-

thers, out of all celsie.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,

and this is the next way to giue poore lades the Botches:

This house is turned vpside downe since Robin the Ostler

died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats

role, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al

London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chri-

stendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the

first Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Tourden, and

then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye

breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come

away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of

Ginger, to be deliuered as fast as Charing-crosse.

1. Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.

What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in

thy head? Can't not heare? And were not as good a

deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Vil-

laine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

1. Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gell

ding in the stab

1. Car. Nay

of that.

Gad. I preth

2. Car. I, wh

(quoth-a) marry

Gad. Sirra C

to London?

2. Car. Time

warrant thee.

the Gentlemen,

haue great charg

Gad. What

Cham. At ha

Gad. That's

berlaues: For th

res; then giuing

lay't the plot, h

Cham. Good

rant that I told y

wilde of Kent; b

him in Gold: I h

night at Supper

dance of charge

ready, and call

preiently.

Gad. Sirra, if

Ile giue thee this

Cham. No, I

Hangman, for I

ly as a man of fal

Gad. What

hang, Ile make a

old Sir John hang

Staruelling. Tut

not of, the whic

Profession forme

look'd into) for

I am ioyned with

six-penny strikers

hu'd-Maltworm

Boutgomasters,

(such as will strik

then drinke, and

for they pray cor

wealth; or rather

they ride vp & d

Cham. What

she hold out wa

Gad. She wil

steale as in a Caf

seede, we walke

Cham. Nay,

to the Night, th

uisible.

Gad. Giue m

Thou shalt haue

As I am a true m

Cham. Nay,

Theefe.

Gad. Good

Bid the Ostler b

well, ye muddy